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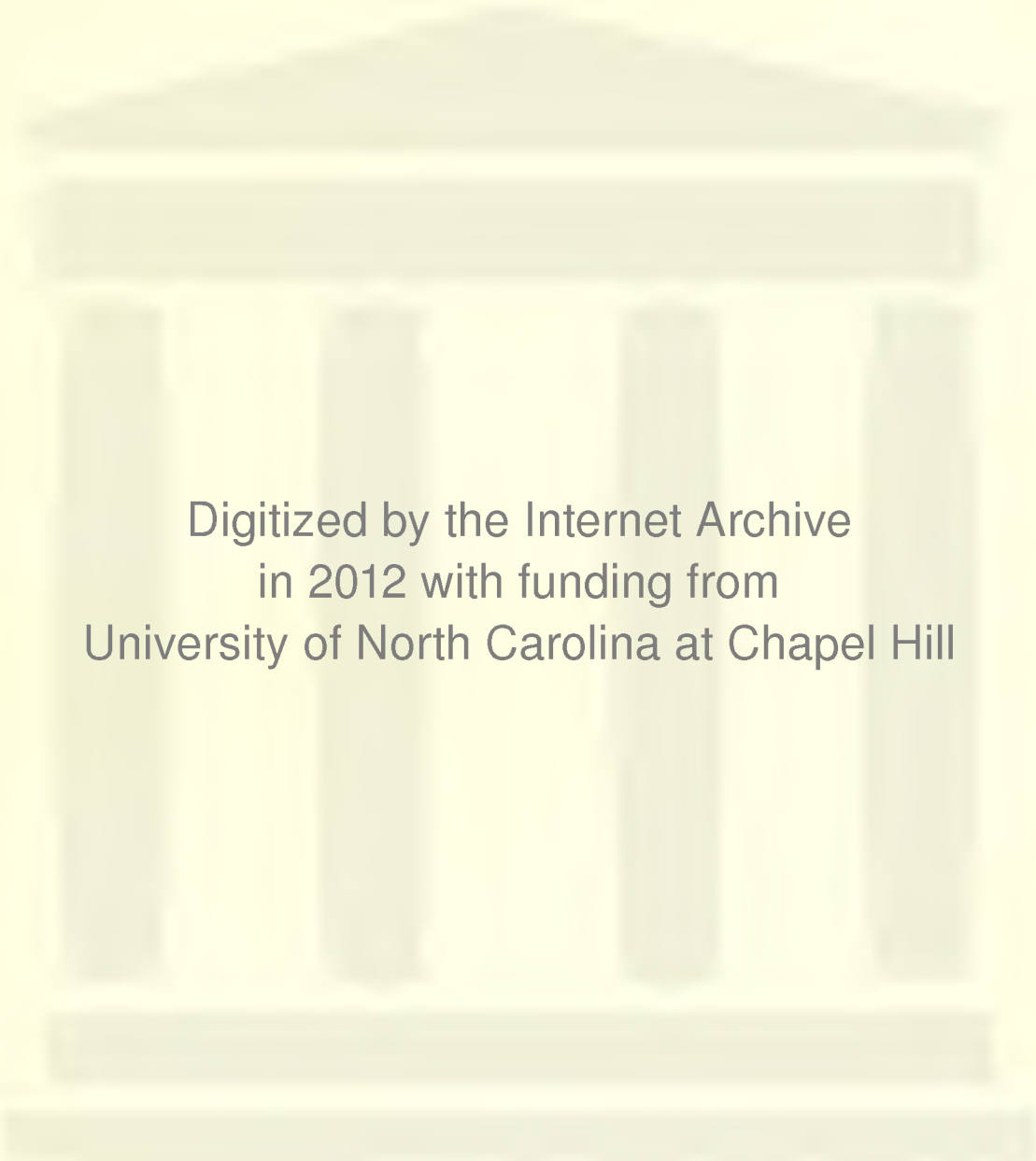
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The Carolina

Parlance

Winter 1961
Vol. 1 No. 1

FEATURE: *An Educator Looks At Student Apathy*

SPECIAL INSERT: *The Honor System Reform or Abolishment*

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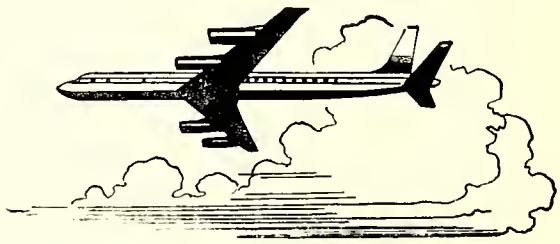

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comments . . .

A Case of Assault and Battery

At 2:15 o'clock Sunday morning, May 15th, 1960, a student residing in an off-campus apartment was assaulted, while in bed, by a fellow student of this University. The victim received a badly bruised eye, a fractured cheekbone, smashed sinus passages, a paralyzed nerve of the jaw, and multiple bruises on the neck and arms.

The student involved was charged with assault and battery, receiving the light sentence of "official reprimand." Are we to assume that from such a light sentence that the student was proved "guilty" or "not guilty?" There have been other cases of assault and battery in which, although no one was physically hurt, the student was promptly expelled from the University. It seems, even at this point, that there are a great number of unanswered questions.

Trial Procedure

In order to be more specific, we must examine the trial procedure of this case; out of it will arise several other puzzling questions.

It must be stated, in order to proceed, that this case actually involved two separate trials. The one student being accused of assault and battery, the other (the student who was beaten) was accused of using suggestive language to a young lady over the phone.

In the first trial (defendant accused of assault and battery), the question arose as to the obvious discrepancies in time from the statements of the defendant and that of the accusor. The accusor had declared in his statement, and his roommates had confirmed this, that the time of the incident was 2:00 o'clock. The defendant had declared in his statement, which was confirmed in his friends' statement, that the time was an hour earlier, or 1:00 o'clock. On the surface this fact may seem superfluous, yet it remains obvious that one is erroneous, and thus a serious breach of the Honor Code in a court testimony.

It was this very fact (time) that the Council chose for some reason, perhaps simple negligence, to ignore. Are we to assume that armed with this vitality for finding *truth* that the members of the Council were able to discover all the pertinent facts concerning the action of the accused? Is this the quality of thoroughness and scrutiny with which we wish our Honor Council representatives to function while following the course of justice? This is precisely the kind of negligence on the part of government officials which can easily destroy the foundation of law and justice. It becomes a facade composed of officials who give only their best in lip-service.

When the trial of the second student (accused of using suggestive language) had been officially opened, an alert member of the Council noticed the fact that this trial had no accusor. Who was to blame for that oversight is not clear, yet the fact remained that the trial had been opened without an accusor. So as not to interrupt the proceedings to a great degree, the members of the Council convened privately for several minutes and appointed an accusor. Having chosen an accusor, let us assume that it was the proper person, the court was reconvened only to be reminded by the defendant's lawyer that the trial could not proceed since the accusor was not present. We will not venture a guess as to the verdict or the sentence of this trial had the lawyer not been keenly alert in his duties. And what is of greatest importance, we would not venture to guess how many previous cases, lacking accusor and lawyer, have passed in which the defendants received a fair and just sentence. With the defense now contending that the trial could not be held without an accusor, the one appointed by the Council was not found, the trial was suspended. The ultimate question: *From what legal precept of divine court procedure did the members of the Council receive the liberty of naming an arbitrary accusor after a trial has supposedly been called at the demands of such a person?*

. . . . . .

We challenge the members of the Honor Council to explain these facts, and in doing so to substantiate their statement, recently printed in the *Daily Tar Heel.*

> ". . . that the real issues and pertinent facts of the cases are more readily brought forward in our simple direct system than would ever be possible if our courts had to be clouded in an aura of petty legalism."

It would seem, in the case cited, that only when some semblance of legalism (the lawyer) was present, did the court see the real issues. In the same case the legalism could not have been more clouded nor would it seem under close scrutiny that "the real and pertinent facts of cases" are ever given full chance to emerge in the light of justice.

. . . . . .

To formulate the issues in what we have previously said in a manner which cannot be misunderstood we offer this query: That the trial procedure, either

... or Abolishment?

rough negligence of the officials con-rned or through some basic struc-ral malady, has become so indefinite d confused that the basic and most portant elements of truth may be com-etely obscured.

As parts of this contention we as-rt:

1. That defendants in many cases have ot been adequately informed by the roper authorities of their rights as indi-iduals while on trial.

2. That in the case cited (assault and attery) the organization and conduct f the trial was such as to prevent the ost important facts of the case from eing explored.

3. That in this same case (assault and attery) the Council members overlooked judicial rule, or the fault remains with he lack of rule, in appointing an ac-usor while the trial was in process.

4. That the Attorney General's staff as failed, in its most vital function, to resent the full sum and totality of all ertinent facts.

5. That the court's practice of con-ucting trials without a running, detailed ecord prevents re-trial and the proper dministration of justice.

And that in conclusion not only are hese practices seriously hampering the dministration of justice, but are of such mportance as to make their continuance . risk to the life of the Honor System at he University of North Carolina. These ontentions are diametrically opposed to hose voiced by the Honor Council.

We formally challenge the members of the Council to support, in public, with ubstantial and concrete facts their tatement that they "are always work-ng to improve our means of self-govern-nent." (Daily Tar Heel, Jan. 15, 1961.) How, in what manner, have they sought o define and improve the maladies which beset the present judicial system? How and where have these improvements been made?

Pantomime

If we find on future analysis and examination that these contentions are wholly or in part true, which is what we propose to prove, then it may be said that the meaning and countenance of justice has become a hollow pantomime, a facade from behind which the officials pay useless tribute.

Tremendous Power— Analogous Responsibilities

In the hands of those Honor Council members rests a great amount of power; the power to place upon the record of any student a black mark that may, because of its color, affect the entire direction of a man's life. Such a great responsibility must be treated with a seriousness and dignity of purpose towards the essentials which separate and divide real justice from hollow justice. Those who have accepted these offices must now accept the challenge and their responsibility with a wisdom far above the average maturity.

If we have seemed to cast down the gage of combat too violently it has been in no personal sense. We begin this debate in hope that the long awaited improvements may arrive in time to save the life of a system which is already moribund.

★ ★ ★

Fence Straddling

In a recent article in the *Daily Tar Heel* a student responded, "The Honor System is under attack. Where are its defenders?" The writer then quietly proceeded in blowing to splinters his own soap box by reflecting that students are, "either for the honor system or against it." This is precisely what students are not; they are either in the middle, or have no concern for what does or does not happen to our student judiciary.

Even the writer, having produced a dexterous piece of "fence straddling," never once committed himself openly to either the honor system or any other position of control. We do not mean this to be construed as a condemnation of "fence straddling," but merely to observe and thus make the suggestion that it is this fact, that students are apathetic and unconcerned, which prevents those interested in reform from proceeding. If we are to start a process of continuous reform to shape tomorrow's judiciary, the greater part of the initiative must come from students. We shall soon arrive at the point where reform is no longer possible. The measures then taken will be revolutionary, and the students at the University of North Carolina may lose their precious honor system.

. . . . . .

At this point we should have begun to realize that the judicial system under which we are suffering is in a word— "hamstrung." Despite this fact there are not many students, recognizing the vissicitudes of a monitor system, who would eagerly push our honor system into the fire as a complete failure. We must recognize that at its foundation the honor system is basically sound. The problems that arise are those of function: administration, and rules of conduct and principle which apply to the organization of the judiciary; it is this segment of the honor system which is in dire need of correction and improvement.

In his pre-exam editorials, Mr. Yardley attempted to point with his pen at the ills of the honor system without, to put it politely, "stepping on too many toes." It was precisely this quality of his argument which has, so to speak, deflated the balloon of controversy and discussion which the *Tar Heel* editor had hoped to promote. To be more explicit: the editorials failed to place a qualifying finger of criticism on any single member of our gigantic system; to attack such a system in its entirety, and to attempt to mention all of its maladies is sheer folderol.

Granted, the ills of the honor system are rampant and obscure, and that a large percentage of the problem arises from the difficulties involved in attempting to place the finger of criticism and thus reform on any single diseased spot. In short, we must give the honor system a strict examination. We are aware that our judiciary is diseased, while the exact location of the disease remains unknown. We must now begin to place stress upon those segments of the system which seem to contain suspicion. We must test their strength, and if they fail the test then this becomes a symptom of disease. To say it differently, we must call to the public witness stand the members of our student officialdom responsible for this judiciary.

In the ensuing debate the members of the judiciary must prove that the system is functioning properly, that it is a valid system and that what they have said concerning its operation and conduct is true. If, however, in the course of this re-examination they fail, then we may begin together to discuss the proper prescription for reorganization, but the most important problem at this step is one of diagnosis and careful re-examination of the system itself.

Firm in this belief, and in order that we may not be guilty of that which we have accused others, we are forced to state the facts of the two cases which were previously cited concerning the structure and administration of the U.N.C. student judiciary. We have stated these facts in the interests of all students who are deeply concerned with the improvement of their government.

THE EDITOR

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IT'S UP TO YOU!

Certain members of the faculty have recently been engaged in violent criticism of the deplorable manner in which students have been managing their responsibilities within the judicial branch of the student government. These faculty members are deeply concerned because they feel that the lack of control and discipline has produced an atmosphere not conducive to the pursuit of intellectual activities. At this point the situation might be formulated thus: If the students do not take it upon their own shoulders to quickly rectify the evils of this system then the faculty will have a very easy choice when the question of abolishing student government arises once again.

Any student must now ask, "What are these deficiencies, where do they manifest themselves, and what can be done to improve the system and make it a more effective arm of our student government.

There are two primary areas of student life in which the judiciary functions. It has jurisdiction over cases concerning infractions of the campus code and of those concerning the honor code. Violations of the campus code are rarely enforced within the dormitories and on the campus itself. Within the dormitories, there is constant noise produced by loud record players, ball playing in the hall, midnight card games and frequent parties, which all makes it impossible for conscientious students to accomplish anything. But these are not the most serious of difficulties, for weekends produce a long train of drunkenness and often destruction. It is with these more serious infractions of the campus code that the dormitory administration has failed to deal.

The main problem in this situation and those violations on the campus proper is that students are reluctant to turn in their fellow students for these offenses. If these violations are reported there seems to be a lack within the IDC and the smaller judicial organizations of ability to cope adequately with the problems of punishment. Why does the IDC have trouble in coping with these problems? This system was set up by the founding fathers as a system for responsible citizens, therefore, IDC representatives were not given the concrete power of policing. The entire basis of this system rests on the assumption that students will take upon themselves the responsibility and the initiative to testify against those who violate the code. If it can be proven, and obviously there is some difficulty, that it is not possible for this system to work, then perhaps we should abolish it and formulate a more strict system giving IDC representatives and other officials a more powerful control. In this area then, the greatest responsibility rests on the shoulders of each individual student. Whether or not this system works is up to you.

Up until this point we have been concerned with those infractions of the campus code which come under the jurisdiction of the IDC and the Student Council. However, the second area, and probably one of greater importance, is that of the honor code and its corresponding organ of enforcement.

The role of higher judiciary officials is a very difficult one and they are certainly to be commended for dedication and willingness to accept responsibility and improve their system. Yet we feel that these pertinent matters should be mentioned if improvement is to continue.

There have been suggestions that members of the attorney general's staff have violated the confidence which we as students have given them concomittantly with this office. As human beings it is impossible for us to avoid external influences, but it is of utmost importance that these influences do not affect the decisions handed down by the honor council. This may seem impossible, practically speaking, yet, is it too much to ask in order that the system function properly?

What we are suggesting then is that honor council members be cognizant of these existing influences.

At this point in your reading, these facts may seem at a great distance from you and your personal life; but if, on the other hand, you were standing before the honor council you would like to feel assured that your case would be conducted in the most careful manner possible. You would like to feel that the council members were not being influenced by external pressure, or were perhaps unaware that these pressures exist. You would like to feel assured, if you were innocent, that the attorney general's staff had done a complete and thorough job of investigating not only the facts of the case but also the psychological intricacies that affect their decisions.

We do not mean to say that the entire weight of responsibility rests upon the shoulders of the members of the judiciary. It is also necessary that each individual student make it his personal concern to be cognizant of the manner in which his government functions, and if improvement is needed, make certain that it is effected.

The fate of our student government depends not only on how well the leaders conduct their affairs but also equally upon the shoulders of each individual student. If in a society of supposedly intelligent, responsible citizens we are unable to make democracy function in its fullest, then we cannot hope to be the future exemplors of democracy.

WE MUST NOT ONLY PROTECT OUR GOVERNMENT BUT WE MUST ATTEMPT TO IMPROVE IT. NO AMOUNT OF PROTECTION OR IMPROVEMENT IS POSSIBLE IF STUDENTS ARE OBLIVIOUS TO THEIR OWN GOVERNMENT.

Carolina has long been known for the freedom which its students experience for there are not many institutions which can boast of such extensive and complete control of government by students. When we arrive on this campus the first thing of which we are aware is the lack of supervision and control by faculty members or administrative officials. The administration of the entire life of the student is up to you and now that the preservation of that system is an issue it is up to you.

Les Trois Parlanceurs

The three characters on this page represent the three aspects of the Parlance: the satirical and comic, the complacent, and the serious.

When we point the satirical finger at campus institutions, student mannerisms, and moribund ideas, a character, who we have appropriately named Feste will be on hand to set the stage. Feste, a Shakespearian character of *Twelfth Night*, is in his own words, "the wise fool among the foolish wise." We have given this Shakespearian character the dress of the court jester and the mask of the fool. When you see him, be reminded that there is wisdom in his buffoonery and that perhaps amidst all the fun and jesting he has something serious to say.

Johnson has a character named Crites who in that fashion is very serious and never quite satisfied. Crites is a Greek word meaning judge and has been used by Shakespeare to depict Johnson. We have taken this name for our second character and we hope that Johnson will not be offended when we make him the serious judge of student life. Crites then will be present when we discuss the serious aspects of college life, the new ideas for student living, and the arts. When we give you Crites we mean to say that here perhaps is a need for improvement, attention and serious thought.

The third and last of these characters we have named after Don Quixote's sidekick, Sancho. We have created him as the sloppy and corpulent character filled with complacency and indifference . . . in a word, he is lazy. We are not meaning to say that all Carolina students look and act like Sancho, we are only attempting to say that he exists and that perhaps he can be taught the meaning of action, though, intellectual improvement and sincere participation in the activities of life. When we concern ourselves with the complacencies of this institution, we are in essence giving Sancho a lecture.

We hope that you find Feste, Crites, and Sancho humorous in their own right, while recognizing that they embody the purposes of the Parlance. We begin then by making a toast to these three.

—THE EDITOR

An Educator Looks At Student Apathy

by
George V. Taylor

George V. Taylor is at present Associate Professor of History at the University of North Carolina. While at this University he has taught undergraduates, upperclassmen, and graduate students, and has received the Tanner Award for Excellence in Undergraduate Teaching. We feel that his experience in teaching and as an advisor both for the Department of History and the General College leave him excellently qualified to make this statement.

Dr. Taylor is currently writing a book entitled French Business Enterprise at the End of the Old Regime.

The editor has requested a comment on "undergraduate apathy" in America. There are three questions. What is it? Why does it exist? What can be done about it?

Not having studied these problems systematically, I am going to approach them, as the historian Carl Becker would have said, "without fear and without research," exploiting my experience as a teacher and adviser in three universities and my association with that excessively conversational profession that concerns itself with the education of the young. The impressions and opinions communicated in these pages bear upon the national rather than the local situation. They are personal impressions and opinions and bear no endorsements from departments, groups, or committees. There is no reason to suppose that they represent the views of the faculty or administration of this university.

I

Those who complain about the apathy of American undergraduates have in mind a condition of intellectual, political, and ethical passivity, indifference to problems and responsibilities, unconcern with values. It discloses itself most obviously as disinterest in courses, including even those that are well taught and those that have to do with professional and social advancement. It also shows itself as unconcern with national issues, shifting global balances, sagging security systems, or maladjusted economies. It appears in the shape of indifference to suffering or hardship, a preference for non-interventionist ethics, a desire to be a good neighbor but not a good Samaritan, and a deep suspicion of reformers. There is said to be a lack of convictions and values. Students do not care what they believe or whether they believe anything at all. The content of their minds is like their language and vocabulary—vague, imprecise, formless, chaotic, often incoherent—and they are unwilling to challenge errors, quarrel with half-truths, or reject bald lies. Tolerant and amiable, they like to agree and show a genial reluctance to defend themselves or their attitudes against criticism.

Observers say that this mentality is geared to a distinctive round of life. The apathetic student drifts. His activities are those that meet immediate emotional needs, and his existence is planless because it reflects the shifting disorder of his moods. For reassurance he depends upon parties, expeditions, sports, hell-raising, love, and sex. For escape he turns to movies, television, and magazines that purvey prefabricated emotional experiences. This round of life, although it creates its own tensions and anxieties, is an attractive alternative to intellectual effort and exerts a strong gravitational pull upon everyone within range. Because we live in a "group-oriented" society, fearing exclusion and allienation, it exerts a pressure upon the uncommitted to which many of them yield, and in so doing they surrender themselves to the conformity characteristic of American upper-class life. There are aspects of this existence that seem far from apathetic, but the languid and lethargic mood of the quiet moments suggests a connection with the passivity that detracts from study and activities. It belongs to the same pattern.

Now I raise the question whether these two paragraphs accurately portray American undergraduate life, and I answer that they do not. Presented without qualification, they constitute a slander for which I would not care to assume responsibility. Because human nature is never uniform, the emotional and cultural patterns of American student bodies vary, particularly in state universities that draw upon diverse sources of recruitment. There are conscientious and committed students whose papers equal in maturity and discrimination, though on a restricted scale, the better levels of graduate scholarship. There are student leaders who show a degree of statesmanship, good judgment, and responsibility that deserves more recognition than it gets. Here and there committees have been formed to protest the imprisonment and execution of Hungarians, the maltreatment of Arabs, secrecy in scientific research, or the suppression of freedom of the press. These movements are signs of moral virility, but there are not many of them and they are not well supported.

We must therefore recognize that apathy is unevenly distributed. Some students are free from it, while others are in varying degrees its victims. There is more of it at some institutions than at others. Nowhere do we find clean-cut categories but spectra in which individuals move up and down the scale. Since we have no statistics, let us assume that in a state university (and most of the private ones) twenty per cent have their energies under control and use them for academic achievement; their minds are open to engagement in intellectual problems and projects, campus programs, and public issues. Even those of marginal abilities win degrees, although sometimes by dint of hard labor and rarely in the most demanding curricula. Generally speaking their pattern is one of activity, independence, growth, balance, and eagerness for careers to come. They are

on the way, free, and more gifted than they know. Some of them are brilliant and others of only moderate intelligence. What they have in common is that they make the best use of their talents. And not all of them are born in lob cabins. Their social origins are diverse.

At the other extreme are those who can be described as hopelessly apathetic, and again for want of statistics we estimate that they constitute forty per cent (or more) of an entering freshman class. Intellectually they are unresponsive. The only task they recognize is that of maintaining eligibility and getting a diploma. In this some of them succeed, for the membership of the group runs the whole gamut of intellectual ability. We hear of apathetic students with an intuitive grasp of intricate and abstract subjects and others with memories so efficient that they master the information essential for a quiz the night before it is given (usually with borrowed notes). For those not so talented there are short cuts, such as crip courses, prefabricated term papers and reports, the shrewd prediction of examination questions, and, in extreme cases, the more questionable methods which, though universally condemned, are rarely reported and punished. Many come to grief, including some of the brilliant ones. Faced with prospective ineligibility, they adopt programs of effort and self-discipline, for most of them wish to remain in the university (though not of it) and obtain the degree, which is a passport to upperclass social opportunities. But these crash programs call for reserves of drive, self-denial, and self-direction that rarely exist in quantities adequate to the need. As the American campus is now organized, most of those who fail do so because they are helpless, and those who try to carry them through find them incapable of responding to assistance. They are not their own masters. The only readmissions report I have seen shows that of a group of 188 readmitted students only 12 graduated. One hundred and seventy (exactly ninety per cent) either gave up or became ineligible a second time. When the report was being prepared, the other six were still struggling to fulfill graduation requirements.

It is an error to believe that intellectual gain, growth, and achievement are accurately represented by grades. Unfortunately, however, there is no substitute for them, and the official standing of the undergraduate is ruled by his grade-point average, which counts in elections to Phi Beta Kappa, admission to medical school, initiation to fraternal groups, and eligibility to continue in residence or compete in varsity sports. Things being what they are, the apathetic pursue grades as ends in themselves; some maneuver for C's, others for A's and B's. If a well-endowed student chooses his courses carefully he wins his average with minimal effort and achievement. The result of this situation is that large numbers of enrollees with no intellectual interest saturate the campus and determine its folkways, mores, and taboos. Although rarely elected to positions of student control, they constitute the mass with which student leadership has to reckon, and usually they demand and get concessions and compromises that render student discipline and self-government harmless to their activities.

The apathetic govern through the corporate units of undergraduate society. Student bodies are composed of groups and sub-groups that intersect, interlock, and flow into one another. In so far as an undergraduate has a social existence, it arises from his identification with one or more of these groups, and without such identification he is unrecognized and isolated. The groups include fraternities, sororities, dormitory and rooming-house cliques, church groups, and activities circles, together with groups that have a transitory or periodic existence, such as teams, organizations that meet by schedule, or habitual conversation groups that cluster in restaurants, snack-bars, and miscellaneous establishments. Nearly all these aggregates exact a price of admission, usually in the form of a compulsory personal style that expresses itself in dress, comportment, conversation, and attitudes, and because they exercise a coercive effort upon those who join them they are the most effective character-forming agencies of an academic community. The groups into which admission is most earnestly desired are for the most part dominated by a preponderantly apathetic mass, and the effect of concentrating these people into groups is to make them obstinately, even militantly, attached to the personality style they represent. In fraternities minorities bent upon change find themselves outnumbered, outmaneuvered, and distrusted, as many a disillusioned reformer will testify, and in some dormitories the recreation-minded elements take over the house councils established to safeguard conditions favorable to study. In classrooms the resentment against domanding instructors and student "curve-breakers" hangs heavily in the air, and its intimidating effect is perceptible to any observer. Dormitory counsellors who attempt to enforce quiet or relieve unpopular inhabitants from group heckling find themselves ostracized or subjected to other forms of psychological retaliation.

So the state of mind and round of life that we call apathetic has entrenched itself, intensified its influence through the group mechanism, and established a domination over undergraduate life that encroaches heavily upon the classroom. It buries the intellectual and moral vitality that ought to prevail in classes and forums and smothers the development of academic initiative and enterprise. It exerts an insistent pressure to have courses simplified, watered down, or relieved of intricate topics. Depressed by undergraduate disinterest and the drop-out rate, some faculties, particularly in the Middle West, have bid for enthusiasm by popularizing the material. Chemistry, for example, becomes "Chemistry in Life," and the introductory philosophy course becomes "Right Living." In order to mask the failure of these experiments, lenient grade-curves are imposed upon instructors. In this way, student indifference reshapes the curriculum and the character of the instructional staff, particularly in universities that court large enrollments. Five years ago I would have described entrenched apathy as not only a problem but a menace that sooner or later would subvert the intellectual and professional programs of undergraduate instruction, but the current has changed, and it is now clear that universities will hold their own. Perhaps in time they will shed their encumbrances and become what they deserve to be, active centers of learning where students develop intellectual competence, awareness, responsibility, self-control, concern for public issues and problems, and willingness to do something about them. How to bring this about is the most important problem in higher education, because it is the key to most of the others.

II

How is it that American universities, more generously supported than any other learned institutions, could have had their potentialities so heavily mortgaged by the apathetic character of their student bodies? To this question there is a simple historical answer. The universities are the products of their past, and the students are the products of American society. These two lines of development converge to form the problem.

From the beginning American colleges and universities have been beggars in a society fundamentally hostile to higher learning. They have prospered, but at serious cost to their integrity. Not many

(Continued on page 14)

Carolina SKETCHES

by
Bob Silliman

One of the most effective means of criticism has been the use of satire. The following observations of campus life employ this media in stressing some of the ideals of Parlance. *All of them seemed to the author to be reflective of several campus traits. None of them refer to any one individual, but are examples of a group, or a prevailing concept.*

Any Fraternity House. Any Saturday Night. A combo—Negro, loud, jazzy, blatant, harsh. Just about midnight, and through the haze of tobacco smoke and swaying, weaving couples, a couch in the rear of the room. Sitting there a rather heavy youth in Ivy-league attire and a girl, dressed in the latest fashion. The lad has a glass in his hand, and on the floor next to the couch there is an almost-empty bottle. He has a heavy-lidded expression. The girl is sitting on his lap, watching the party proceeding before them. In rather methodical fashion, he is rubbing his hand up and down her side. There is a rather detached look about both of them.

She: "I hate Sunday mornings, you know that Jimmy, I just hate Sunday mornings."

He: "Why, Honey?"

She: "Because I wake up and it's all over. I really feel sad. I mean, I really feel sad. What do you do about Sunday mornings, Jimmy?"

He: "I just don't sweat it."

She: "But don't you ever *worry* about things?"

He: "What things, Honey?"

She: "Oh, you know, like what is going to happen when you graduate, or your future . . . you know, those things."

He: "Get serious. Don't worry about those things. Don't sweat it. I just wake up and I *know* that everything is alright. Isn't it always? You just gotta learn not to sweat it. Cause it's all right always. Huh, Honey?"

She: "Yeah, I guess so Jimmy, but you know sometimes . . ."

* * *

It is the day before graduation. The room is any dorm on campus. Two male students are talking, and one is packing. It is rather obvious that one is a senior, and he will soon receive a diploma. In the fashion of all males, he is putting clothes in various trunks, helter-skelter.

Senior: "You know, it's hard to believe it's all over—four years . . . gone." (He tends to be nostalgic as is natural for such a somber occasion.)

Roommate: "Yeah."

Senior: "And you know, if I had it all to do over again, I'd do it different. I've made mistakes, and I would do it all different."

Roommate: "How?"

Senior: "Well, for one thing, I'd get into some of the activities on this campus. You know, like student government, or the "Y" . . . one of those groups that do something."

Roommate: "Yeah, but you were real big in the fraternity, Joe, you were a real BMOC. Remember all those beach trips, and house parties, and the blondes and brunettes?"

Senior: "Yeah, but I really didn't *contribute* anything. That's what I'd do different, I'd contribute something."

Roommate (hesitantly): "Yeah, I guess so."

Senior: "No, I mean it. If I could do it again, I would do something worthwhile. I really would."

Roommate: "Sure you would. I know you would."

* * *

"Y" Court any day of the week. The pleated skirts and sunglasses. The full cups—of coffee, of coke. Breakfast in the rapid fashion. The front page of the *Daily Tar Heel* and who is what beauty queen, but nary a peek at the editorials. Neglected notebooks and scant notes. And that wonderful conversation.

Sunglasses: "Well, Sarah, you just wouldn't even b'lieve that combo at the Mu House. I mean they had it all weekend."

Pleated Skirt: "I heard that Pete was dating Janet . . . which is just *too* funny for words. Well, I mean *everyone* knows about Janet and that talk about her pledging you know what."

Sunglasses: "Well, if you think that is bad, you should talk to Alice. You know Alice is from her hometown . . . and she knows all about her."

Pleated Skirt: "Well, I just as soon forget about it all. The thing that I am really worried about is the quiz I have next period. I checked the files at the House and . . . nothing. Well, when I could find any old quizzes, I said to myself, 'Well, Janie-girl, there is nothing to do but study.' No one seems to know anything at all about this History Prof. Except that he has just got to be the most boring lecturer in this University. So who draws him? Me!"

Sunglasses: "Well, Sarah, thank God you don't have this Poli. Sci. course I'm taking. *That man* has assigned us a twenty page term paper! Can you b'lieve that? Twenty pages."

Pleated Skirt (chomping on ice): "You ought to be able to find something on that . . . I mean, people just *don't write* twenty page term papers. They just don't."

* * *

The unrelenting and inevitable dormitory bull session. The range of subjects: anywhere from Carolina's football fortunes to the topic of Is There A God? The wide-eyed, listening freshmen, the wary sophomores, the complacent juniors . . . . and the all-knowing Senior, the leader of the discussion. The Senior who has been around, the angle-man, the guy who is *on the inside* of everything. He has the lowdown. Yes, gang, anything you want to know, the dormitory Senior knows. Something like this:

Senior: "To get anywhere on this campus, you have got to have pull. Look at the coeds that make the good grades—they're the ones that make the A's. And the guys are the same way."

Freshman: "You mean you don't have to study?"

Senior: "Study? What is that, a campus game? Just go see the old prof . . . that's how to get the good grades."

Freshman (apprehensively): "Well, it seems to me that if you *really* studied, you could make good grades."

Senior: "Oh, sure, if you spend every waking moment studying. But it makes me mad that others can make the same grades by sidling up to the Professor. That's why I make 'C's.' Because I don't do it that way."

Freshman: "I just never realized . . ."

Senior: "Of course you don't. And it just isn't in college. It's everywhere. Let's face it . . . it's who you know that counts. You've got to have *pull* to get anywhere. That's just the big bad world. It's who you know."

Freshman: "Gee."

* * *

A Girls' Dorm. About quarter of 1 on Saturday night. A blonde coming in from a date, tosses her coat on the bed with a rather disgusted, effortless motion. Turns to her roommate, and we hear the following:

She: "Do you know what? Do you know what that guy had the *nerve* to do—take me to a political speech. Here it is—the biggest party night of the *whole year* and we go to a political speech. Something about international relations and the farm problem."

Roommate (with disguised humor): "I take it you are not interested in the farm problem?"

She: "Well, I mean, *who is*? The House had this terrific party, and we go to a speech. I still can't believe it."

* * *

On the other hand, in a different sector of the campus, a lad is coming in from another date. He, too, is somewhat dismayed.

He: "Never again will I date that . . . that (he obviously is searching for an adequate descriptive word) girl."

Other: "What's the matter?"

He: "Well, we go out to the Patio for a little rock . . . you know, and a little beer. And she talks about . . . about . . . (flustering) painting . . . and music. She talks about the Dutch masters . . . I always thought Dutch masters were a cigar . . ."

Other: "Wouldn't she talk about anything else?"

He: "Oh sure . . . but all of that intellectual jazz. I tell you man, it was really hard to fight. I mean, who *cares* about painting?"

THE BUDGET SQUEEZE

by

Davis B. Young

Davis Young, as chairman for the State Affairs Committee, has been the driving student influence behind University requests for an expanded budget in 1961-62. Parlance *has asked Mr. Young to summarize his views on the need for added improvements in UNC facilities in the years to come.*

Any discussion of the University of North Carolina budget and the process by which it is formed must be based on several principles. Since the process is complicated, and students generally have little contact with the mechanical aspects, it is necessary to establish herein the following points.

1. The University budget is divided into three categories known as the "A"—"B"—and "capital improvements" sections. The "A" phase is designed to enable the University to continue its present programs without regard to improvement or extension of quality. Obviously, controversy is kept to a minimum here, as state leaders show no inclination for the University to regress. The "B" area is also known as the "enrichment" section. It enables the University to "move ahead" in research and teaching. Faculty salary increases is the big item in the "B" budget. As we have seen by reading our daily newspapers, the State Board of Higher Education has recommended a slash of University requests for faculty salary increases in the next two years. It is possible, although certainly not definite, that the Advisory Budget Commission of the N. C. General Assembly may come up with a somewhat similar recommendation.

Such was the case during the 1959 session of the General Assembly when the Advisory Budget Commission had passed favorably on only $800,000+ out of a 4.5 million dollar request in this area. A concentrated effort on the floor of the state's lawmaking body raised this $800,000 figure to well over 3 million, thus allowing the University to hold onto some of its most talented scholars. This successful floor fight was the result of a combined effort on the part of the University's administration, Trustees, alumni, newspaper editors, students and other groups throughout the state.

The final section of the budget is the so-called "capital improvements" phase. As the name indicates, it pertains to new buildings. Within this section for the Chapel Hill campus are two sub-division budgets, one for academic affairs and one for health affairs. Each item on these budgets has a priority attached to it. For example, the top item on the academic affairs budget is the proposed undergraduate library - student union building. Heading the health affairs list is a T-wing for Memorial Hospital. The "capital improvements" also include rennovations to old buildings, conversion of buildings for various reasons and other similar items.

2. A feeling has been expressed by some students that faculty salary increases is in competition with the undergraduate library-student union. Some are disturbed, feeling the former to have more validity than the latter. However, as earlier pointed out, they appear in separate sections of the budget, and cannot be construed as conflicting. There is virtually no way in which the University can be forced to make a choice between the two.

3. The budget is not a one year proposition. Rather, it is formulated for a biennium—a period of two years. Since the North Carolina General Assembly only meets on this biennial basis, it is necessary to operate on such a long range plan. Thus, the money we are granted now will be expected to carry us through 1963.

4. The N. C. General Assembly is only one possible source of revenue for the University. Tuition and fees provide almost half of the operating capital each year for the Chapel Hill campus. In addition, particularly in the areas of new buildings and research, extensive use of federal matching grants is made.

5. And finally, the budget process is one which never ends. As soon as the current budget has been acted upon and put into law, the University administration will set forth on the next one. A tremendous amount of research is necessary to compile the numerous documents annd the maze of statistics which go into a budget. In actuality, it takes two years to make up a budget for the following two years. Thus, the University makes extensive use of long range planning reports and projections into the future.

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WAY OUT

by
Jack Raper

An Allegory for Our Times

Mr. Jack Raper, Class of 1960, was an outstanding student and an active campus leader as well. Mr. Raper was the President of the YMCA in his Senior year, was tapped into the Order of the Golden Fleece, and a member of Phi Beta Kappa. He was awarded a fellowship and is currently continuing his studies in English at Duke University.

"Way Out," *notes* Mr. Raper, "*suggests a reference to Sartre's* No Exit. *Sartre has pretty much enclosed us in a some sort of a hell, all of us together, and none of us can get out. Many people, chiefly Christian existentialists, propose a transcendence of our concrete situation through the Kierkegaardian 'leap of faith.' As the notion of a living protecting God is somewhat alien to many people, a substitute is sometimes found in conformity to a social situation. Phillides, like other people who penetrate the sham of convention, primarily artists and intellectuals, is not able to conform to his immediate situation, try as he may, for his mind continuously penetrates the reality generally accepted by others. He must go in search of another reality, which somehow seems to have substance.*"

It is the "other reality" and the "leap of faith" that Mr. Raper seeks to convey in the form of an allegory.

Phillides and Pryseis: In the woods at Night
As the grasses dance, writhing about the fire,
So the logs make love to the flames
And the stars make love to the moon—
Each finding annihilation in desire—
So the poet makes love to life
And I would make love to you.

epilogue transposed:

When the next morning the farmer's son climbed to the loft, what he discovered sickened him: he took it to be the remains of a man. The face had been clawed beyond possible recognition, and where the stomach should have been, a hole had been chewed which enabled the farmer's son to see the spine.

—translation of a record dating from the second reign of Lycurgus the law-giver.[1]

There is time still. From here the hill descends across the moonlit fields to the shrubs that line the branch. Until I reach the branch the shrubs will hide me. Then I will crawl the grassy slope up to the yard's low wall. The moon makes the slope visible from the house; I must crawl not to be seen. Crawling is slow. There is time:—from here to the wall—or once I am within the wall. There is time. Until I discover what is to be taken—there is time—time to turn back—to throw off the nightmare prodding me—time to study this absurdity—time to call it absurd—time to dismiss it because it is absurd. Or—there is time to understand this nightmare—time to interpret this nightmare — to learn why . . .

"To be able to steal is an honorable skill and oftentimes a necessity; to be caught brings shame." This is the law. That is why I am here, why I will enter the walled area, why I will select the object of my crime with care. The law is why.

The wind has picked up. Something with sleeves would have been better.

If the cottagers were to see me, I would look like a figure carved from stone. I would look square and like stone descending the slope with the moon at my back; a flat, thin head, square shoulders, a boy, thin, straight, flat, descending a hill. Not Phillides, a mind debating amidst frenzy; not Phillides, a body housing two forces, one driving it to, but the other away from this impossible goal; not Phillides, a soul dislodge from its rest amidst stable patterns of thought and action; not a soul pushed out into open space, alone; not a soul, small, frightened, surrounded by larger, darker, threatening forces; not a soul searching for its rest, perhaps in vain, daring the impossible, even the absurd, to find rest. To the cottagers I would look flat. If the cottagers were to sight me, I would be stopped.

The law is why? The law seems not to relate. The law is what I live by. The law is related. The law is why I am here. The law is why two years ago I joined the others living by the Eurotas, training themselves inside and out to become warriors. The law is why I can echo the poet: "I long to fight with you as when I am with thirst I long to drink." The law is why I crave the glory of the fighter and long to taste the fame of the doer of daring deeds. The law is why I do not resist the order of the master of the band, why my body is lean and dry, why I never flinch, not even when in a practice-skirmish my opponent's blade cuts deep. The law is why I do not cry out at night when, lying upon knotty reeds, I seek in sleep an escape from pain which a three-days' diet of acorns and roots causes. The law is why I am running on bare feet across this moist plowed-land, sensing the manner in which the rows crumble beneath my intruding feet, knowing that I flee from the threat of moonlight to the protection of shrubs that hide the creek. The law is why. The law is related; it is what I live by.

The law is what my family lived by when they were told I must leave them and come to the Eurotas to join Odomachus and the others. But the law did not relate before that.

I will lie in this place for a moment. The shrubs will hide me, even from the moon.

Before that, I drove the oxen, I herded the sheep, I ran across the freshly plowed fields; my hound romped behind, chasing me until I was caught and he stood above me, his strong forelegs pinning me face-down against the moist rich earth. That soil is much richer than this upon which I now am stretched. And the law did not relate to that.

The wall is rock, low, easy to climb. There, to the rear, time has torn a large stone loose. It will be less difficult to enter there.

There is now no time when the law does not relate. It is the law I live by. Though the law now seems absurd, it is why I am crawling, my body close against

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Innocents Arise!

by

Dr. Ransom Taylor

You! Why are you reading this? For that matter, why do you read anything? I mean, what do you want from UNC? An education? What's that to you? Do you know? Are you interested?

I am one of your "profs." And I'm concerned about your education.

Why? Well, look around you. Are you getting what you want? Or what you think you ought to be getting? I submit that if you are not, it's your own fault.

Now, those of you who are still with me after that, let's soften the blow a little by adding that if it's your fault, the reason is that when you first came here you were probably not prepared for the most important challenge of college, which is to think for yourself. But time's awastin', and if you don't know it yet, you'd better learn it now. There is only one person in the whole wide world who is responsible for what you learn, and that is you.

An education is not an accumulation of skills. It is a process of growth and development toward a state of being which enables you at any given time to judge maturely what skills you need when you need them, and to acquire them as you go along, quickly, efficiently, and well. The facts and figures you learn in class are incidental. The important result of your coursework is to put you in touch with the sources of human knowledge so that in the future you will be able to tap them at will. You get out of anything, especially college, only as much as you put into it. Your profs can teach you only what you want to learn. And you are ultimately not supposed to learn so that you know—the way the Beats read Zen, stupid, dirty, dead—but so that you can produce. Kerouac stopped being a Beat as soon as he started to write. (The fact that he wrote trash has nothing to do with his change of status from static to dynamic.) People are really alive and worth something only in so far as they are creative, and for you, college is the place to start working your claim on life. Robert Hutchins (look him up) says that in college you are not supposed to learn how to do something, but how to be somebody. You won't be anybody until you teach yourself to stand on your own two feet.

You talk about this *prof* being good and that one being bad. You complain that all one man does is sit in class and read the syllabus out loud. You may even be right (if it's just talk you've heard, you can bet it's exaggerated), but what's to prevent you from going to work on the reading list and making that course your own private research project, the most exciting thing you've ever done? It's not a question of how good the *prof* is, but how good you are. As long as you just sit there and let that man talk at you, like a TV, you'll never get with it. Your best teacher, in every course, is yourself.

Now, I know as well as you do that a lot of people are here only for the ride, like girls looking for a husband or the Good-time-Charlies for whom study is nothing but an unwarranted intrusion on their social life. But they haven't got the answer. Social contacts, *savoir-faire*, experience, life adjustment and such are nice to have, but what you really need is to develop the kind of intellectual curiosity which will ultimately give you a degree of mastery in lifemanship.

For there is the crux of the matter: motivation, and values. In detail, every one of your teachers would probably define "education" in different terms, but if you are motivated and know what your values are, the best possible definition will be your own. And it doesn't necessarily have to be put into words. Just as long as you know. Do you?

How much time do you spend in the Library? How much right time, time that you make count? What evening lectures do you hear? Have you been to the Ackland, or to the art museum in Raleigh? How often do you go to a concert, to to the Playmakers? Do you read a play before you go to see it? Who is your favorite poet? Or don't you have one? How many novels did you read last year? No, I'm not saying you should turn into a devitalized, tubercular bookworm, nor am I knocking athletics or extra-curriculars. We've said that your job in college is to become somebody, and those things help a lot. But it's a matter of balance. I've mentioned lifemanship. Here is one of its most important secrets: self-discipline.

Everything in life has a price tag on it, and the price of the things worth having is high. You can't burn the candle at both ends, study by day and play by night and eat goof balls, indefinitely. Some day you are going to have to give up something which you want very much in order to be able to have something else which you want more. Those four years are for the record. That record will follow you all your life. Do you want an education? Then get it! It may sound trite, but the only way to get something done is to do it. To a large extent you will be what you make of yourself now. (Don't quote the exceptions at me; they only prove the rule.) How do you stack up on your own scoreboard, in that respect?

Why do you have to take a lot of stupid courses which you don't need? You're going to major is basket weaving, so what good is astronomy to you? Let

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Ransom Theodore Taylor was born in 1913 in Munich, Germany of American parents. He studied economics in St. Gall, Switzerland (M.A. 1939), worked briefly in the foreign service of the Standard Oil Company of N. J., and taught secondary school in Colorado Springs, Colorado. He obtained his M.A. in German at the University of California at Los Angeles in 1949, his Ph.D. at University of California, Berkeley, in 1956. He taught German at Yale University for two years, prior to coming to UNC.

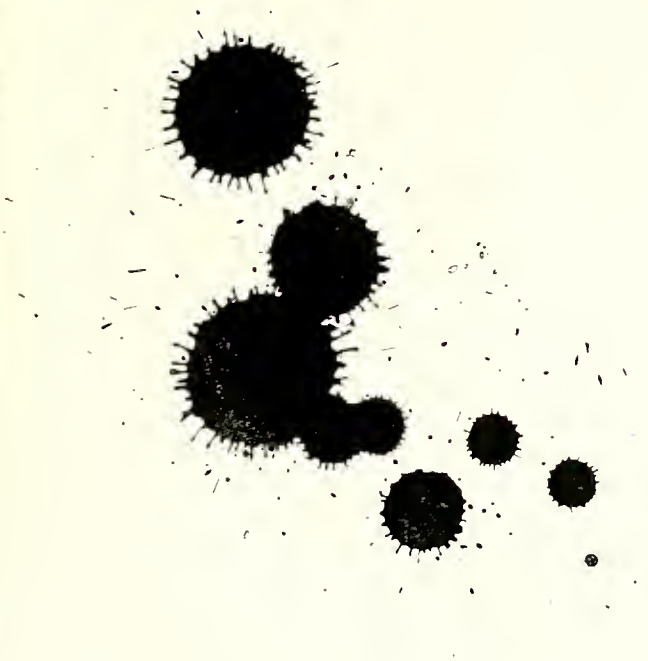
Dr. Taylor is currently writing a book on non-objective art based on the most recent trends in contemporary literature.

Just By Accident

by
Volker Berghahn

"Man makes history." This commonly accepted proposition may create in man that little bit of grandeur he is desperately seeking as a reassuring straw in his own confusion. A hero, a Caesar, a Napoleon appears before us, who seems to affirm the vague feeling of megalomania we need to exist, if we cannot bear the probability of perhaps not being more than a nothing. Man controls, man devises methods, man makes history. . . .

Yet, countless are the occasions when history simply ridiculed our greatness. Countless are the events, which, uncalculated and coincidental, have given man's development an entirely different direction. Rome—the saga has it—was saved by the geese on the Capitol in an hour of extreme danger. Byzantium fell in 1453 due to a little door in the gigantic walls, the Kerkaporta, which the defenders against Sultan Mahmud's decisive assault had forgotten to close. Some contend, that America's independence was won by the winds, which time and again had wrecked the ships of the British reinforcements on the stormy Atlantic. The battle of Waterloo was decided against Napoleon because of a hesitant general, Grouchy, who stubbornly chased Bluecher, while the rolling thunder of the cannons of Waterloo implored him to return to where he was needed. Hitler survived his assassination-attempt on July 20, 1944, because the time-bomb, that was to kill him, exploded under a solid stone table, when he discussed the military situation, only at the other end, thus diverting the blast.



Why accounting for all these imponderabilities which turned the tide of fortune, which gave unprecedented impulses beyond our control? Indeed, the question: "What would have happened if . . .?" can only be relevant in one sense: to make us aware of the consequences of a parallel event in our time. The appalling dilemma of the nuclear age is that *this* time a mere coincidence will mean our fall into the abyss. In Britain—to take only an example—there is a man who carries a key around his neck, day and night. And there is another man who carries a key around his neck, too, day and night. If these uneasy twins push their keys into two certain slots, this planet will plunge into a nuclear inferno. But let us assume we will not commit an error or act without authorization. Our machines and computers could be mistaken, too. Thus in 1946 an adaptation of the V-2 rocket fired in New Mexico went off course and crashed in Juarez, Mexico. Nine years later a Nike-missile took off from Fort Meade as a result of a short circuit and landed between Baltimore and Washington. And, to account for a third publicly known accident, in 1956, a Snark long-range missile launched from Patrick Air Force Base, Florida, unexpectedly downed in the Brazilian jungle. Fortunately neither vehicle carried a nuclear war-head.

Of course we read about these mischiefs. But we have also an amazing ability to wrap the dangers of our time in pleasant illusions; the more imminent the threat, the more eagerly we blind ourselves with the questionable assurance that "it" cannot happen, because wo do not want "it" to. Our confidence, to be sure, may prove a fatal self-deception. In the 1960's we are sliding nearer and nearer to the abyss, and yet the propnylaxis is discarded.

There are some, who consider our self-annihilation as the only consequent, though tragic, solution in the perennial confusion of our mind. Just by accident. . . .

Volker Berghahn, an exchange student from Germany, is spending his second year at the University of North Carolina. Mr. Berghahn has traveled extensively in Europe and the United States, and brings to UNC a cosmopolitan outlook of views abroad. "Just By Accident" is strictly fiction, but Author Berghahn's point is that incidents such as are described could happen—just by accident.

"COMPOSITION WITH THREE FIGURES"

May Weber

John M. Schnorrenberg is at present an Assistant Professor of Art at UNC and has taught previously at Princeton and Columbia Universities. His specific field is later medieval art, and is currently writing a book on fifteenth century musical angels and seventeenth century Gothic survival architecture.

What is Modern aRt?

by
John Schnorrenberg

Should an eye be a spherical triangle made up of two lesser spherical triangles, one black, edged with blue and cross-hatched with brown; the other cream, outlined and hatched with blue and shadowed with faint grey? The left eye of the central figure in Max Weber's *Composition with Three Figures*, illustrated here, is painted this way. The belly of the same figure is a lozenge-shaped solid, painted chartreuse, lavender, pink, and brown. Was ever an eye or a belly shaped and colored like these?

This question and others like it about this painting in the Ackland Museum ask in a particular way the general question: What is modern art? Many eyes are still not reconciled to it, even in forms and colors, such as these Weber painted fifty years ago. Many eyes fail to see anything in the world like them and so are blind to their reality. The puzzled visitor to museums does not ask what modern art is, but instead why it is modern, why it has to be this way.

In part, this is a silly question. It is like asking why there is electric light. All of us regret its invention, but we have it, and we must make the best of an unpleasant situation. It has been illuminating things for fifty years or so yet still it sometimes seems more than we ought to have to endure. From time to time, we retreat from its existence to the pleasant dimness of a candlelit dinner table or rathskeller, but we know that we must live in a reality which is harshly brighter than these retreats.

Always, any work of art has mirrored some of the historical reality of which its creation was a part. The crucifixion Grunewald painted as the outside of the Isenheim Altar, in the early sixteenth century, records not only the response of German late medieval devotion to Christ's death, necessary for mankind's salvation, but also shows, by the wracked rigor of His body, clothed in tattered and putrescent flesh, the great fear and awareness of death characteristic of that time. It is not a pleasant picture, but it tells some truth about the time for which it was painted, even though it is not an accurate representation of human anatomy or the colors and light of the landscape in which the crucifixion happens. Twentieth century painting is no less a mirror than early sixteenth century painting was; truth has many sides, and more than one reflection may be valid.

Whoever asks why modern art is the way it is deserves a serious answer. Close examination of Weber's painting helps to give it. He painted the *Composition with Three Figures* after his return to New York from Paris where he had been the student of Matisse, had known other Fauves and their work, and had admired the work of painters as different as Cezanne and Rousseau le Douanier, his good friend. His strong startling colors and geometrically solid forms show the influence of these men. There is a striking resemblance between the faces of his figures and the faces of some of the women in Picasso's *Demoiselles d'Avignon*, painted in 1907. Weber continued Picasso's structural analysis, using the brush, as he himself said, as "a tool, . . . to get solidity."

His painting certainly shows the influence of the painters whose work he knew and admired, but their influence does not explain why he should have chosen to paint as he did, in a way offensive to most of his contemporaries and to many still today. The offense has since been multiplied, for his way of painting is one which still dominates the thinking of some painters now, and it has freed others to think and paint as they otherwise might not have. In his eye and hand the world comes apart into the substance of its forms, and colors which attack our senses compel them better to perceive these forms. He creates space, at the cost of the constructed dismembering of the people in it and he suppresses their personalities beneath primitive masks of radical and fiercely colored construction.

He is able to take apart the world, to examine it minutely, and to imagine a transformation of its parts. He is not so much interested in how they might get together again. Is the image he creates so very different from the reality which men otherwise experience today? If they do not like the picture, it is because of its poor execution, or because it honestly reflects a distasteful part of their lives. Is not a retreat from the intense disintegration of this picture to the art of the past, or an art like it, only, in fact, an escape from the harsh reality of the present mode of representation to whatever it is which men have come to appreciate in each past and lost age?

"Where's your circle pin?"

Apathy

(Continued from page 5)

of them have enjoyed financial and jurisdictional independence. Survival has depended upon building up the endowments or legislative appropriations and expanding the enrollments, and universities have therefore courted public support and cultivated influential friends and benefactors. In so doing they have trimmed their sails to popular demand, and the fact that they compete with one another for outside followings has made them doubly respectful of the public idea of what they should become. Expansion has required low admissions standards, easily won degrees, and the glamor of football, dances, clubs, extra-curriculars, and other extraneous attractions that have become central in university life. In a few cases faculties have been "tamed" and "sensitive" areas of instruction trimmed from the curriculum. For decades, and in all parts of the country, universities have been pressed to extend privileges and exemptions to individual students in whom someone has taken an interest, and subsidized athletes are not the only beneficiaries of these interventions. Concessions have been made to these pressures, and the result has been a serious compromise of learning, the substitution of amiable routines for intellectual and professional training, and a shift in emphasis from scholarship to the glamorous side of student life in which the public is mainly interested. As a result, some establishments now called universities have no right to use the title.

The students, we have said, are products of American society. This means that the responsibility for their apathy should be attributed not so much to bad teaching or outmoded curricula (though these exist) as to the general movement of the national life, and the changes which seem to have generated all the others are technological and economic. We are in a remarkable position. We own and operate the world's most productive economy and live in the midst of a vast output of consumer goods. If poverty has not been extirpated, it is at least on the way out. We have leisure, which for the first time has become a social problem; it results from mechanization, home appliances, paid vacations, and the five-day week. Riesman has argued that abundance, leisure, and the administrative or managerial emphasis of the productive system have forged a personality-type oriented to recreation rather than work, to "consumership" rather than initiative or self-denial, to conformity, glad-handing, and toleration, rather than individualism and independence.[1] In politics, he believes, reformers, die-hards, and men of conviction have given way to "indifferents" with an audience mentality, manipulated by those who operate the mass media. Like others, I acknowledge the defects of Riesman's thesis, its lack of method and system, and the poverty of the data brought forward in its support. Yet on a purely intuitive level it presents the most cogent view of the changes one feels are taking place, and it explains with striking success the apathetic undergraduate pattern which is the subject of this article.

Generally speaking, our students know what they want, and they know on what terms they can have it. They want the happy, up-to-date, carefree existence of the split-level suburb, appliances, patio parties, children (preferably well-adjusted ones), friends, club members, two cars, and vacations in favorite places. For this, who can blame them? And why should they want anything else? To this unique way of life there are many entrances, but that which is most accessible is employment in a business or profession requiring personality skills, as in public relations, sales, and above all government and business executive bureaucracies where tact, aplomb, inoffensiveness, and conformity bring acceptance and advancement. For success in this milieu what is needed is an approved personality, skill in sensing and meeting drifts in the conformist pattern, and (of all things) a college degree. Unless we review the matter historically, it is hard to see how the degree became a prerequisite. Years ago corporations, professions, and public agencies began to demand the baccalauerate because, except in technical work, the social finishing process of college life was found to confer advantages upon young men destined for executive and sales positions. To have a large number of college-trained people on the staff became a matter of prestige. So the degree and the social polish became mandatory, along with the personal contacts one made in fraternities and clubs. Except for a command of basic English (basic, no fastidious), arithmetic, and accounting, little else was required.

So the students see the degree as a passage to paradise, and it is wrong to condemn them for accepting what is obvious and acting upon it. They have a realistic view of goals and objectives, and they know the key to advancement in American society. To them intellectual finesse has nothing to do with achievement. It may, in fact, be a handicap, for in the personality-conscious sphere of business and professional life sophistication is distrusted. In the folklore of American colleges and universities there is a fixed idea that one will go farther on a C+ average than on B+ standing or a Phi Beta Kappa key, for the personnel executives who hire the seniors believe that intellectuals and those of independent mind antagonize others and disrupt the smooth harmony of an organization. Whether this fixation is true I do not know, but a onetime editor of *Fortune* has written a convincing book in support of the idea that what business enterprise seeks in its employees is personality adjustment rather than independence of thought or action, which becomes a cardinal sin.[2] So in distrusting intellectuality, political concern, or moral fervor the American undergraduate is defending his fitness for employment, and in condemning "brains" as sympto-

1 David Riesman and others, *The Lonely Crowd: a Study of the Changing American Character* (New York, Doubleday Anchor Books, 1953).

2 William H. Whyte, Jr., *The Organization Man* (New York, Doubleday Anchor Books, 1958).

matic of eccentricity or neurosis he exalts the managerial elite in which he hopes to have a place. He sees academic tasks as unrelated to the social role he wants to play, and he performs the tasks as unnecessary chores to be reduced to minimum effort by the use of short cuts. He needs the degree. He will sweat out the requirements for it. In the meantime he will defend himself against the taint of intellectuality. For the faculties this means that they must pretend to "educate" those who prefer not to be "educated." The resistance to learning in the American classroom is a real and explicable resistance. It is a result of social and economic change.

III

Once having said that undergraduate apathy is culturally induced we may as well close the discussion. Universities cannot change the societies in which they exist, nor can they escape the impact of social movements. Logically, it seems conclusive that institutions that refuse to adjust themselves to public demands will lose their followings, while those that submit will gain. (Examples can be cited.)

Yet recent developments suggest a more optimistic view. The tide is turning in such a way that without losing public support universities will be able to etsablish their integrity as places of learning. The day of compromises is coming to a close.

One reason for this is the intensification of the Cold War since 1957. It has now become clear that national survival depends upon astrophysics, higher mathematics, nuclear chemistry, and a hundred other specialties requiring intensive preparation and special mental abilities. Programs of foreign aid and regional defense call for linguists, geographers, engineers, agricultural experts, and economists. In the competition for prestige (which is a weapon) it has been shown that musicians, artists, men of letters, and scholars can win the respect of the foreign intelligentsia which, in many countries, constitutes the governing class. Under these conditions intelligence and talent become national resources rather than liabilities, and in a hesitant and even reluctant way the public begins to encourage educational institutions to give first priority to intellectual and artistic training. It has even been discovered that, on the whole, bright students have sound health and balanced personalities, and in the public schools the long-standing prejudice against unusual intelligence is on the wane. This is a revolutionary shift of emphasis with far-reaching implications.

There is another current of change working against the preponderantly apathetic character of universities. It is the increasing complexity of every academic field, not only the natural sciences but also the humanities and the social disciplines. In all these fields persons operating on the frontiers of knowledge have had to discard the old simplicities and make use of intricate concepts that seem absurd. It is not only a quantitative change, in which the broadening range of study and accumulated data require more information to be mastered, but also a qualitative shift that demands the constant criticism of postulates and the acceptance of truth as provisional and changing rather than final. Our disciplines can no longer be watered down for indifferent students. Instead we have had to demand more preparation, flexibility of mind, and readiness for sustained and concentrated effort. The public schools are adapting to these requirements, and in the measure that they do so standards of freshman work continue to rise. This imposes burdens upon the students and becomes an object of complaint, but complaint is beside the point. The growing complexity of learning is a fact. It will go further. The apathetic will find it more difficult to keep up.

Finally, there are indications that the selection of student bodies will be increasingly discriminating and that student bodies will grow faster in quality than in quantity. Applications for admission are multiplying faster than faculties and facilities can be enlarged to meet them. The social cost of expansion is high, and there is reason to doubt that the public will underwrite it without insisting upon the most productive use of its money. Dropout rates across the country are severe, and the only economical means of reducing them is to improve the selection of students and the techniques of identifying and eliminating at an early point those who show themselves incapable of making responsible use of their opportunities. Such improvements can be made. Granting all the shortcomings, real and alleged, of the Scholastic Aptitude Tests, they will continue to be used to detect deficiencies of inherent and acquired ability. But of themselves they are not enough. In predicting performance it is possible to make use of high school and preparatory school class standing, weighting the figures with regard to the qualitative standing of the school concerned, and the qualitative standing of the school can be determined by the performance of its graduates in a university. Another promising device is the personality test, which, if perfected,[3] may serve to disclose motivational deficiencies or emotional disturbances that notoriously block success in college work. All these techniques are imperfect, but through the systematic correlation of processes and results they can be improved.

In emphasizing the improvement of student body selection I probably appear less than humane. What I am predicting is that eventually we shall have techniques by which the apathetic and disturbed sectors of undergraduate society can be reduced to a minimum. To some this will seem callously exclusive, even snobbish, but there are countervailing moral considerations. In the first place, universities have the obligation to open their facilities primarily to those who can use them well and to establish priority systems that tend to this effect. Second, the interests of the students and their parents require that they be advised at the earliest possible moment whether those enrolled can profit from residing on the campus; there is nothing more tragic than the failure of students who for emotional or intellectual reasons cannot pass the work, and in so far as possible they should be spared the agonies inseparable from academic failure when it can be predicted.

Time works, then, for an academic renaissance in which public pressures and necessities call forth a higher degree of academic achievement. This movement is already under way. It will accelerate. But according to the cliche, this is to look at things in the long run. In the short run, what can be done to improve the American campus?

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3 For an indication of personality test defects, see the hilarious appendix "How to Cheat on Personality Tests" in Whyte, *The Organization Man*, pp. 449-456.

Apathy

(Continued from page 15)

In developing short-run improvements both students and faculties have taken the lead. One fruitful innovation has been the establishment of special courses and sections for able and motivated students and the expansion of honors work at all levels. The number of colleges and universities that have established such programs is proof of a national trend, and we at Chapel Hill can take pride that our own programs for superior students were inaugurated well before the "Sputnik crisis." The impact of these programs extends beyond the personnel enrolled in them. Wherever successful, they generate enthusiasm and drive that spill over into the classrooms of the regular program. One goal of honors work at all levels is to develop the student's self-reliance and place the burden of learning upon his initiative, and as this becomes habitual in special sections it figures increasingly in the other programs. Honors classes encourage the habit of raising questions, suggesting alternative interpretations, extending the range of inquiry, and placing an increasing emphasis upon the critical approach. Even in classes too large for discussion there are exchanges of ideas that exemplify the spontaneity and vitality of learning at its best, and the impact of these digressions involves even those who take no direct part. To me these exchanges seem more frequent, more searching, more mature than five years ago, and in part this improvement can be attributed to the extension of honors work.

In the short run it is also possible to do something for an intermediate group that has received little attention in these pages. Earlier I said that twenty per cent of a student body is free from apathy and the inhibitions it generates, while forty per cent of an entering freshman class is hopelessly apathetic. What of the others? Depending upon their associations and the influences to which they respond, they drift between the two camps. The orbits into which they fall are determined largely by gravitational pull, and the force of the apathetic constellations is now ascendant because of the coercion they impose upon non-conformists. For the intermeidate student the problem is to arrange conditions on which he can take up the question of his future with more independence than is now possible. He ought to have a better chance than he does to find satisfaction in the work and achievement of learning and in the service of campus and public programs. Because of social pressures the odds are unfavorable to free choice. The situation can be brought into balance by the regulation of campus life, either by students or by administrations. Among other things, regulative programs would involve excluding trouble-makers from the dormitories, limiting the social programs of fraternities, postponing fraternity rushing until the sophomore year, drastically reducing the rate of readmissions, and establishing surveillance over off-campus housing. There should be no illusions that control can abolish apathy, but it can moderate its influence, and this will be a help.

Finally as a short-run measure let us admit that some of the teaching in American universities could be improved. How this is to be accomplished, however, is difficult to specify because methodical attempts to improve teaching generally conduce to the contrary effect. Successful teaching is a mysterious phenomenon that manifests itself in many styles, approaches, and procedures, and because the forms in which it appears are so diverse and the results it produces so varied it resists definition. No one, therefore, can devise an educational program that will produce "master teachers" according to a mold. There is no "method" that can be taught, because methods must be adapted to personality, to the subjects being taught, and to the nature and moods of students in the class. Attempts to "train" teachers and force them into a planned routine kill spontaneity at the beginning, and spontaneity is essential to any creative enterprise. The most that can be done along this line is to distribute to those about to enter a faculty free copies of Gilbert Highet's *The Art of Teaching*, which is the only good pronouncement on the subject.[4] One prerequisite for good teaching is certainly a solid and scholarly command of one's field which is useful not only to increase the range from which the topics of a course can be selected but also to provide the confidence without which no man or woman can face a group of students with a free and active mind.

One way to improve college teaching is to increase academic salaries. Whether a man teaches better after a raise or a promotion is not clear, but it is certain that rising standards of pay and prestige will draw into the profession larger numbers of talented young persons. Another line of improvement is the growing recognition that a scholar can make as much of a contribution to his university by teaching well as by confining himself exclusively to research and publication. Prizes for good teaching, even when given to the wrong persons, are beneficial, for they attach prestige to pedagogical excellence, and when administrations let it be known that the quality of one's teaching counts in his advancement they have struck a good blow in an important cause. But the most important guarantee that teaching in universities and colleges will be improved is the constant increase in the quality of student bodies. When students refuse to learn, resent the subject-matter, and bewilder the instructor with maneuvers designed to circumvent work and accomplishment, a light goes out at the front of the lecture-room and the course becomes a struggle in which the instructor pits his nerve and persistence against the resourcefulness of the students, who do not always lose. One obvious psychological defense against indifferent and hostile classes is to teach casually, assuming in advance that teaching accomplishes little, and avoiding the embarrassment of defeat by remaining above the struggle and keeping one's distance from the students. If there exists a "professorial apathy" (and because it offers an alibi for poor learning it has been exaggerated) it will be reduced by the continuous improvement of student bodies.

To sum it all up, movements already under way indicate that American universities will be liberated from their encumbrances. Academic and intellectual work will be improved and the conformist mode of indifference will atrophy and disappear. This will not happen overnight, but within a decade we ought to be in the midst of a genuine renewal of learning. If it were not for this possibility, it would be useless to take up the problem of student apathy except as an inescapable and determinant fact of life, but with things moving as they are faculty and students are justified in exploiting every opportunity to create a more satisfactory academic life than that which they now have.

To this it will be objected that what we have called apathy is really "youth," that it is a phase in the process of rising to maturity, that it in inevitable and even desirable that students use their college years in experimenting freely with what is called "life." The answers to this argument would constitute another essay. Only three will be offered here. First, the apathetic sector of student life is a school not of maturity but of immaturity and the evasion of responsibilities; it makes for ignorance, irresponsibility, amorality, and bad citizenship. Most of its victims recover, but at the cost of having made poor use of their undergraduate years. Second, if the

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4 New York, Vintage Books, 1954.

Does Religion Have A Place?

by

Dr. Robert Seymour

Dr. Robert E. Seymour, Pastor of the recently established Binkley Memorial Baptist Church, is widely known for his views on the role of the church in the adjusting South. Dr. Seymour has had the opportunity, in his contacts with college students, to observe the problems, achievements, and characteristics of Carolina students. In this article, Dr. Seymour seeks to define the role of religion and the church in the development of the young mind.

The student who explains his absence from church by saying, "I'm not very religious," may be more religious than he realizes. He has failed to understand the nature of religion if he thinks of it as a kind of "fifth wheel" added to life for people who feel the need for that sort of thing.

In the University of life, religion is not an elective; it is an inescapable contingent of human existence. To be sure, one may choose not to express his religion through the organized church, but one may not choose to be irreligious. David Reed, Pastor of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York City, is right in saying that "religion is not a kind of attic in our human habitation where we store superfluous furniture and pay occasional visits; rather, it is the foundation on which the rest ultimately depends."*

The very nature of life requires that we respond to reality from one base or another, and it is in the kind of response that we make that we reveal our religion. Even the atheist must respond in the faith that there is no God! The word *religion* is derived from the Latin word, *religare,* which means "to bind back" or "to fasten." And so, religion has to do with the way we consider ourselves bound up by the world or fastened to reality.

There is an innate insistence within man for some interpretation of life and of his intended place within it. Unlike the other animals, we possess an amazing capacity for self-awareness. We can stand clear of ourselves and ask such questions as, Who am I?, Why am I here?, or Where am I going? And the clue to our religion is to be found in the answers we give to questions like these.

It is possible, of course, for people to terminate their lives without ever having consciously faced these fundamental questions; but nonetheless, they are responding to life on the basis of answers they have not yet articulated. Dr. Paul Tillich, regarded by many as the foremost theologian of our time, maintains that the decisive element in the predicament of Western man is his loss of the dimension of depth, his inability to ask fundamental questions with an infinite seriousness. Even as life presses in upon us and makes us aware of our existing on the fringes of a gigantic universe full of mystery and within a throbbing society full of problems—not to mention the baffling complexities of our own human nature—we are incredibly slow to ask life's important questions with any conscious evidence of intense concern.

Nowhere is this more strikingly illustrated than in the way our society so desperately seeks to evade the question and answer of death. Here is compelling proof of our complete secularization of life. We do everything we possibly can to shroud it in silence and to pretend it is not there. We have been unwilling to ask the ultimate question and have thus avoided facing the answer that we have no continuing city here. Therefore it is not surprising that we respond with religious fervor as devotees of the cult of perpetual youth.

A person's religion is also revealed by that to which he looks in life for the fulfillment of his human desire for completion. Anyone who is truly alive will understand what is meant here. This universal longing for fulfillment in large measure accounts for the perennial restlessness of the younger generation. It is basically a sensing that there is more in life than one has yet laid hold of, and so we find ourselves constantly searching for that which will make life more satisfying and which will provide that indefinable "something more" that seems to be lacking.

We seek it in marriage. We are convinced that if we can just find the right person our completion will be realized. Yet, even in the most perfectly matched unions there are deep needs that one's partner cannot supply. There is an essential loneliness about life that can never be fully overcome by any other human being.

And we seek it in the accumulation of things. Cut off from his cosmic relationship, modern man has a deep-seated sense of emptiness. Emptiness craves fullness, and our machine age produces many marvelous things, and so we surround ourselves with a plethora of them and deceive ourselves with the appearance of fulness. But always there is something more that must be had in order to be totally satisfied, but the complete satisfaction eludes us.

Our craving for completion expresses itself in many ways: in the mood of aimlessness, in the discomfort of indecision, in the realization of inadequate resources to face some moral challenge. We suffer from this insistent feeling that there ought to be more to life than we have appropriated, and so our search continues, though seldom leading us to God "who made us restless that we might find our rest in Him."

Let me summarize. I have said that religion arises out of the very nature of life to which we must make some response. And I have mentioned two things that condition the response that we make: our quest for meaning and our craving for fulfillment. Now I propose this conclusion: that to which we look for meaning and that which we seek for fulfillment constitutes our religion.

The best and most brief definition of religion has been given to us by Paul Tillich who defines it simply as our "ultimate concern." What is it that con-

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Apathy

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function of colleges and universities is to enable students to experiment with freedom, more appropriate institutions could be established, perhaps in Florida or Nevada, with a wider range of options. Finally, the life of a thriving academic community need not be monastic. In the university that I envision there will be friendship, fellowship, youth, beauty, song, and merriment, and the merriment will show a lot more enterprise and ingenuity than what now passes for undergraduate humor. There will be fraternities, too, and intercollegiate athletics, perhaps raised to amateur status. But along with this there will be work, achievement, pride in accomplishment, and a realistic approach to citizenship. Man was not meant to live for the moment or for himself, and his attempt to do so warps his character and cheapens his life. Egoistic societies are self-destructive. The real service of American universities will be in formulating a live and satisfying alternative to the apathy that claims most of their students. In undertaking to do this they have time on their side.

Budget Squeeze

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As always, the General Assembly is not anxious to allocate funds it deems unnecessary. Therefore, the University must prove its case. It must be remembered that we are only one of numerous state agencies which are seeking funds, and that there is only so much money to go around. With the birth of the community colleges, we may be entering an era when the General Assembly is thinking more in terms of localized higher education than one great consolidated state university. There are many considerations, many variables. It is in no way proper at this point to speculate about the final actions of the 1961 General Assembly, though.

The most accurate statement possible at this time is that our requests are honest ones. They represent the result of months and months of research designed to move this University ahead. If all these requests were granted, our emergence as a great national university would be more rapid. If a minimum of them are voted into law, the national position and ranking of the University will be deflated.

What will most likely happen is a compromise between the position of the University and the position of the State Board of Higher Education. The University will not get all that it asks, but neither will the recommendations of the State Board be adopted. To the extent that the General Assembly possesses knowledge about our programs, and wants us to move ahead, they will give us a corresponding amount of money.

And part of this education of the state lawmakers rests squarely on the shoulders of the students. By visiting their representatives, by believing in quality education, by fighting and fighting hard for a greater University, they will convince those who have the final say. This, then, is the program of the Committee on State Affairs.

We know our requests are valid. We hope to convince others of the same. The dearest commodity we possess is an enlightened North Carolina citizenry.

Innocents Arise

(Continued from page 10)

me tell you! If all you ever learn is how to weave baskets, you'll be nothing but an intellectual basket case. Let's stick with astronomy, for the argument's sake. It's about stars, but also about mathematics, physics, chemistry, mechanics, evolution, all the secrets of the universe. It relates to most anything you can think of which you need to know about yourself and your environment in order to function properly in organized society. What you want from it is not an astronomer's skill, but an understanding of the relatedness of things. The same is true of every other "academic" subject. If you want to master life, set your sights high, as high as the stars.

The relatedness of things: what relates to what? That was a secret which Western civilization took a long time to discover, yet some people have known it for a long time. Over the portal of the temple of Athena (the goddess of knowledge) at Delphi stood the words, Know Thyself! Know what? "You" are many things, and the Greeks may not have been interested in quite the same aspects which we want to know of ourselves today, or in quite the same way. Yet one thing they did teach us, our way of gaining knowledge itself. Logic, analysis, thesis, anti-thesis, and synthesis (do you know who introduced those concepts into our world of thought?) are our means of realizing that all things are what they are only in so far as they are related to us. (What philosopher first formulated that idea?) Whether you like it or not, this is the great age of humanism. The cobalt bomb and the anti-human idiocy of communism only dramatize the fact. Man is and remains man's foremost and noblest concern (Goethe said that), and you will fail or succeed in life to the extent to which you create within yourself your own personal image of man and then make your life a realization of that vision.

Religion

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cerns you more than anything else in life? What matters most to you? To what are you most likely to give your unconditional loyalty? What motivates you to do what you do? Honest answers to questions like these will help you see what it is or who it is that you worship. Answers are likely to vary widely, for men have bowed down before an incredible assortment of things!

In the light of the above definition, I offer two observations. First, I am of the opinion that one of the reasons why so many people suffer spiritual, physical, and emotional break-downs in our society is that their ultimate concern has been something less than the God who has revealed Himself to us in Jesus Christ. They have sought their meaning and fulfillment in things unworthy of worship. They have laid the foundation of their lives on sand instead of rock.

Second, the resurgence of religion that we have witnessed in our time is a desperate attempt to gain what has been lost, though I am afraid that for many people the attempt will prove frustrating and futile. Why? Because we are living in the kind of world which makes it exceedingly difficult—if not next to impossible—to re-discover the dimension of depth. The driving forces of our industrial society move forward horizontally and not vertically. We think in terms of "more and more" and "bigger and better" but seldom have occasion to probe the depths of our existence. Modern man has become intoxicated by mere moving ahead with no particular end in view. And every moment is so filled with something that must be done that he fails to stop long enough to become aware of himself. And in so long as these pressing secondary concerns are not silenced, the voice of the Ultimate cannot be heard.

The search for meaning and for fulfillment in life has turned many to the Church. And where the Church is *truly* the Church, their quest has ended.

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* Reed, David, *The Christian Faith*, Scribners. Page 14.

The *Joker* Is WILD

"WHO, ME?"

The campus cops raided a fraternity house where four students sat around a table, apparently playing cards. They questioned each man. "You're playing cards in defiance of University regulations," they told the first student.

"Not me," he replied. "I just sat down to talk."

"You're playing cards in defiance of University regulations," they shouted at the second student.

"Oh no," he replied. "I'm just a stranger here myself."

"And you're playing cards, too," they told the third.

"Not me," he answered. "I'm just watching the other fellows."

The campus cop stared at the fourth student who was holding a deck of cards in his hands. "Well at least we know you're playing cards."

"Me, playing cards?" he replied. "With whom?"

—*Texas Ranger*

* * * *

A woman went to a doctor to complain about her husband's delusion. "It's terrible Doctor," she said. "All the time he thinks he's a refrigerator."

"Well," consoled the medical man, "that isn't too bad. Quite a harmless delusion, I'd say."

"The delusion I don't mind, Doctor. But when he sleeps with his mouth open the little light keeps me awake."

A reporter had been sent to cover a great mine disaster. He was so impressed by what he saw that he tried to indicate all the emotions and heroism that he saw around him in that vast panorama of death.

In a telegram to his editor he began, "God sits tonight on a little hill overlooking the scene of the disaster."

Immediately his editor wired back:

"Never mind disaster — interview God. Get pictures if possible."

—*Sundial*

* * * *

Once upon a time there was a traveling salesman who pulled up to a country farmhouse about dusk. The farmer's daughter came out to see what he wanted.

"Any brushes today?" he asked.

"No," she replied. "But won't you spend the night? Father isn't here."

"No thanks," he answered, and drove off.

—*Sundial*

* * * *

Love makes the world go round, they say, but so does a good swallow of tobacco juice.

—*Sundial*

* * * *

When the first Earthmen landed on Mars they were confronted with a little round round creature, with very short arms and legs, three large doleful eyes and a thick coat of luxurious fur.

"Are you a Martian?" asked the Earthmen.

"Yes," said the Martian, "they call us Furries."

"Are there any more Furries about?" asked the Earthmen.

"Oh, but of course," said the Furry. "We've got a whole settlement down by the canal." And, with the little Furry leading the way, the Earthmen reached Furryville and were taken to see the Head Furry. The Head Furry, however, was different from the others: he had the same round body, short arms and legs, doleful eyes, and thick coat of luxurious fur; but he also had a large syringe protruding from the top of its head.

"We notice you're a little different from the other Furries," said the Earthmen respectfully. "Why's that?"

"You see," said the Head Furry, "I'm the Furry with the syringe on top."

* * * *

Overheard at Carroll Hall: "A fresh guy tried to pick me up on the street yesterday. Boy what an apartment he's got."

* * * *

From Chicago comes the report of the man who spent his life savings to buy his mother a house . . . only to find that the police wouldn't let her run it.

—*Texas Ranger*

* * * *

A rich bachelor girl made it a practice to invite several servicemen each weekend to her sumptuous country estate. One week a good-looking officer showed up alone. It was a case of love at first sight. The impact was terrific. As he was leaving, he held her in a close embrace. Kissing her, he asked: "Suppose dear, after a few months you should find that something was, er, wrong — what would you do?"

"Why—why—I would shoot myself!"

He patted her on the back encouragingly. "Atta girl!"

—*Texas Ranger*

"Claims She Models For Picasso!"

WAY OUT

(Continued from page 9)

the ground not to be seen, up a grassy slope. The dew accumulating on my body reflects the moon-rays. The cottagers could see reflected moon-rays, but I am crawling and they can not see me for the wall. Though the law seems absurd now, it is related to this.

Yes!—there *are* times when it does not. There is last night. The law did not relate to last night. Last night was outside the law. Last night was like before the law. No law but the lush nakedness of Agamnestra and the less-lush nakedness of her twenty companions parading proudly before the men of Sparta—regimented women, kept from men, schooled for the state—women paraded down thronging streets, demonstrating their lush nakedness before the men they, not lycurgus, rule. Agamnestra rules Sparta. Yesterday she ruled Odomachus and me. We thronged the streets of Sparta, escaping the routine of Eurotas. The noise of the crowd—cheering, staring, shouting compliments—stirred our blood, made us forget the drab, the dreary routine, prompted us to dare.

Odomachus had done it before. He knew how to reach her. When he climbed out of the school's walled court and Agamnestra followed, clothed, accompanied by Pryseis, I saw that Agamnestra clothed could not rule Sparta. Clothed, Agamnestra can not rule me. The lush nakedness of Agamnestra rules me, but the law rules the lush nakedness of Agamnestra and the law clothes the lush nakedness. The change in Agamnestra dulled last night.

The debauchery was planned. From the school to the hills I listened to Pryseis. It is strange how like my home hers is. She misses the rich earth and the quiet of shady woods—free. Her beauty is tired, no longer young. She was once beautiful—Odomachus would have said so before—now her beauty is tired. In the hills the moon was like tonight. I watched Pryseis while she sipped wine and ate buns; I watched when she rushed down slopes towards me, when she fled ahead of me along streams. I watched her hair, torn loose from its knot, drifting across the moon, her gown, diaphanous, floating too against the moon. When she was caught, I looked deep into her eyes, past the tired beauty. As my weight pressed down upon her, I found the young beauty. I found the young beauty in longing eyes, in lips laughing-soft, in hands moving to possess, in her body moving to be possessed. I possessed while the law did not relate. We were outside the law. It is a personal law that we love by. It is like before the law. To it the law does not relate.

The law did relate this evening. The law is why I sat to one side, listening. The law is why Odomachus did it. By Eurotas, following supper, he stood before the fire telling them about it. They glared attentively upon Odomachus, gloating at my stupid simplicity, chuckling whenever Odomachus made fun of my simple sincerity: "Men, we have reason to be proud of our Phillides. Not only has he developed into one of the *bravest* soldiers, but"—he paused, staring at me, grinning—"our Phillides is a poet with women—a poet! Turn him loose near a woman and in five minutes he has her in the woods—chasing him! And they don't come back—not until they've had time. Ask Phillides how he does it. Ask him how! . . . Odomachus is not to be blamed; any of them would have done it. The law is why; we live by the law.

I live by the law now: the law is why I raise my hands to the top of this wall where the stone is out; I grasp the edge of the wall and strain to pull my body out of the dew-grass into the moonlight for one second while I pass over the top. I drop silently into the shadows on the inside and lie motionless, listening.

"Gr-ou-r-r-r"

A dog! Woke him . . . too late to go back . . . wait . . . perhaps he'll quiet . . .

No noise. He is sleeping. He must be under the house.

The house is quiet. If the cottagers wake, I must run to that shed. The loft will hide me. There they won't bother to look. They will go back to sleep.

To the rear: pens! "To be able to steal . . ." Pens! . . . Pens are a part of this absurdity. The law is related to these pens. These pens . . . the law . . . Pryseis . . . the moon . . . absurd . . . absurd . . . the law . . . these pens . . .

Through the moonlight . . . quiet . . .

Damn stick! come out the hole. Door . . . almost to pieces. Swing it carefully . . . open! . . . a hen! No! Close door . . .

Crawl . . . through moon to second pen . . . door's stronger . . . open . . . stinks! a goat . . . a stinking, whining goat! No!

Moonlight . . . third pen . . . open . . . nothing . . . two eyes! . . . reach to eyes . . . hand . . . "Oww! . . . damn beast!" . . . bit me . . .

His legs . . . got hold . . . pull to light . . .

A fox . . . No . . .

Law . . . absurd . . . not related . . . absurd . . . Pryseis . . . not related . . . absurd—

The law is . . . fox is . . . Yes! . . . the law is . . . yes! . . .

This is . . . why . . .

Small for a fox . . . stick under my—damn! . . . hold mouth—under my shirt . . . back to the wall . . . through the moonlight . . .

"R-r-ou-rr"

From the house! . . . dogs . . . two . . . big . . . to the shed . . . quick . . .

Voices in the house . . . quick . . . find the ladder . . . quick . . . climb to loft . . . dogs . . . climb . . . hold the fox under shirt . . . blood! . . . my arm, bleeding—the muscle fox chewed the muscle . . . chewed the muscle . . . pain . . . blood . . . hold the fox . . . climb . . . climb . . . the loft! . . . in time . . .

Dogs outside . . .

In the loft . . . safe . . . lie still . . . on floor . . . head down . . . fox under me . . . quiet . . . keep fox quiet . . .

Chewing . . . pain . . . fox biting . . . chewing . . . my stomach . . . pain . . . chewing at my stomach . . . keep fox quiet under me . . . keep quiet . . . me . . .

Dogs outside . . . going away . . . voices in cottage . . . dying . . . quiet in cottage . . . safe . . .

Pain . . . fox chewing . . . stomach . . . the law . . . pain . . . Pryseis . . . Odomachus absurd . . . the law . . . live by the law . . . absurd . . . absurd . . . the law . . .

Yes! . . .

Kierkegard, concerning an explanation:

The absurd is not one of the factors which can be discriminated within the proper compass of the understanding: it is not identical with the improbable, the unexpected, the unforeseen. At the moment when the knight made the act of resignation, he was convinced, humanly speaking, of the impossibility. This was the result reached by the understanding, and he had sufficient energy to think it. On the other hand, in an infinite sense it was possible, namely by renouncing it; but this sort of possessing is at the same time a relinquishing, and yet there is no absurdity in this for the understanding, for the understanding continued to be in the right in affirming that in the world of the finite, where it holds sway, this was and remained an impossibility. This is quite as clear to the knight of faith so the only thing that can save him is the absurd, and this he grasps by faith. . . .

—FEAR AND TREMBLING

Peewit Papers

By Jane Paden

The Tarf

The Tarf thrives in most habitats
The goodie shop, Doug's, Harry's, and the Rat
The subtle type
In drabs and pipe
An extensive traveler
Incessant babbler
A ladies man
Lover of beer can
Shooter of dice
Indulger in vice
Rarely nice
Likes party ice
Sorori's entice
Gives advice
Evader of rice
Perfector of slice
Best of all—he wears Old Spice
Don't harf the Tarf!

The Ert

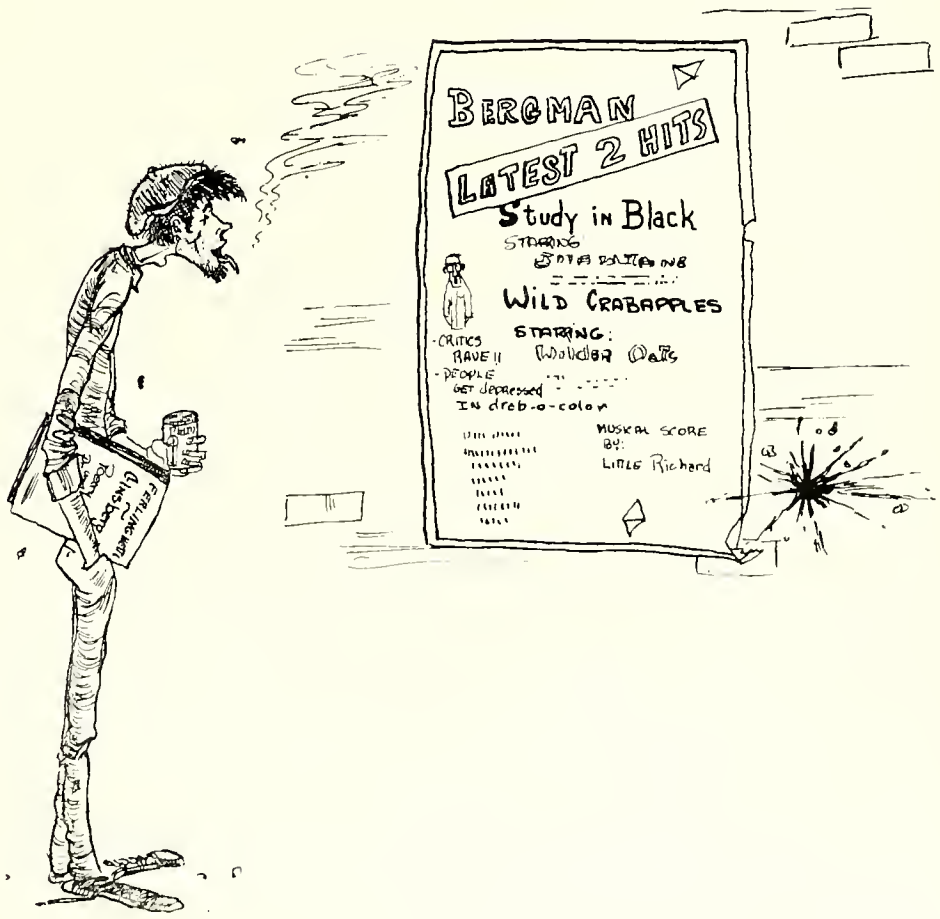
The mysterious Ert
Will not convert.
A group supreme
Or so they seem.
When local hero's their qualities assert
"My hero's the best!" the Ert will blurt
Each drove their rituals and secrets hide
The content of which no Ert confides
The Ert originates most anywhere
So naturally he is hard to compare
With the Sorori, the Tarf, ~~or the~~ Weer Knot
Of course the Ert is on the spot
When Sorois are found in censored talk
Or novice at forbidden questions balk
A carrier of campus mail
Considerate Ert we screech you all ~~hail~~!

Roara Sorori

The Roara Sorori is a species of orm
Twice yearly Sorori swarm
From Hibernation, D'or mines, and roaraforms
With tales of foreign lands to tell
And proudly between grins their conquests tell
And on their choir-boy a circle wear
And smooth their feathers to promote a stare
Weejun'd feet
Pseudo sweet
Should they peck gritz the proper way
The accepted orms a pin display
Orms conform apres le swarm . . .

The Weer Knot

The Weer Knots
Disown what others have got
They meet in Clusters
To discuss others' blunders
Subjects of Art, the racy kind
Ferlinghetti, the Rexroth rhyme
The movies of Bergman
Bring out the vermin
The Folly of others to jeer in sport
Will likely cause a Chaucerian snort
Happy with Weers content with self
Individuals they, on their classical shelf
Don't sneer the Weer!



The Ultimate Question:

HOW WE PLAYED THE GAME

by

Jonathan Yardley

Several years ago, the cost of supporting a talented football team forced many schools to "de-emphasize" the importance of the game. Instead of subsidizing player scholarships, the money was channelled into other areas. The University of North Carolina was one of the schools that chose to participate in "Big Time" football. In this article, Daily Tar Heel *Editor Jonathan Yardley debates the reasoning behind this program in the light of the aims of the University, and its effect on the individual.*

The recent vote of confidence given Football Coach Jim Hickey by both the Chancellor and the President of this University brought back into the spotlight a problem which has lain dormant at the feet of Chapel Hillians since the initial Jim Tatum storm subsided a few years ago. I have taken to wondering again whether so-called "big-time" athletics have a place in Chapel Hill, and whether they are one of the accepted activities of American college life to which the University of North Carolina would like to subscribe.

This is a large university, one which competes intellectually and athletically with other large universities. Because of this we are forced, like it or not, to conform to some of the practices which the "big business of education" has forced upon us. Among these are big-time football and basketball.

The most convenient rationale for this semi-professionalized system of athletics seems to be that the receipts from football games pay the tickets for the rest of the intramural and small sport programs. Another rationale, heard less these days but still echoed by a few members of the community, is that a successful football or basketball team reflects credit on the University and consequently helps bring more interested students to Chapel Hill.

One is inclined to wonder, however, just what these students are "interested" in, what their motives for coming to college are, and whether we really want them in Chapel Hill. If a student is attracted to a school because he has heard of its athletic teams, is he likely to be of the intellectual calibre we so desperately need? Indications are that he is not.

The problem, however, is unfortunately not this simple. Although we should be concerned with the truth and/or falsehood of the rationale surrounding professionalized amateur athletics, we must be primarily concerned with the essential right and wrong of the system itself, and with the role it tends to assume in a University community such as ours.

It is as fallacious to say that a university community exists solely for the sake of academics as it is to say that a university exists primarily for the perpetuation of winning football teams. Growing is an integral part of the college experience, and growth of sorts can be achieved on the playing fields. And much of the communal pleasures of college life are derived from the excitements, color and drama of a football weekend.

Putting on a good show is, in a sense, part of the job of the college football team and is one of the prime reasons that so much emphasis is placed on the hiring and firing of football coaches. Jim Tatum was a born showman, and was able to convey this ability to his players; they put on good shows and, often, winning shows.

No one has ever successfully proved, however, that it is necessary to pay your actors in order to have a good play. Similarly, no one has ever proved that you have to pay your athletes to produce a winning team. What has happened is that we, and almost every other college and university in the nation, have become caught in such a vicious circle of athletic competition that we cannot escape without endangering our comparative standing.

The fact that this vicious circle exists, however, is not justification for its existence; we have fallen, nevertheless, into the mistake of telling ourselves that "because everyone else is doing it we'd better do it too." Unfortunately, this just is not sufficient reason. The fact that everyone else participates in an evil gives it no aura of gentility.

Professionalized college athletics detract from the quality and atmosphere of the academic community, without adding proportionately any great amount of "college spirit" or camaraderie. The emphasis in athletics comes to be placed

more and more upon winning and less and less upon playing; we forget the melodramatic but wise words of Grantland Rice: "When the One Great Scorer comes to write against your name—he marks—not that you won or lost—but how you played the game."

Perhaps most disturbing about the increased importance of professionalized college athletics is the increasing importance placed, correspondingly, on money and those who supply it. The most powerful voices in many athletic departments belong to the alumni who subscribe to such organizations as our "Education Foundation," which encourages alumni to help out "deserving" athletes by donations to a scholarship fund. The alumni, in return, expect special attention paid to their opinions and wishes concerning athletics; considering the extent of their contributions, the request is a hard one to deny.

We are not in danger of letting the University become overwhelmed by the department of athletics, but there is evidence that athletics are getting more attention than they deserve. Such evidence might be the mere fact that so much attention has been paid to the case of Hickey's contract; why should a football coach receive so much attention when a professor receives next to none? Or why is the sports publicity bureau so powerful that its tiresome words of false hope are more carefully examined by the state than those announcements from the bureau handling academic news?

We must learn to keep our sense of perspective and proportion; we must never forget that the University of North Carolina is an academic institution, not a professional athletic camp with a built-in cheering section. The histrionics of living for victory should be left to the Baltimore Colts and the Boston Celtics; this is not our job.

John Updike, in his recent novel *Rabbit, Run,* introduces a drunken old football coach who, in a moment of introspection, complains that his superiors had always been forcing him to work for victory while he had always wanted to teach his players that *achievement* is the goal truly worth seeking—and that it can be gained in defeat as well as victory. We might do well to remind ourselves of his words.

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And I Wondered

I sat on the sand in the quiet of evening,
And watched the waves rush toward my feet.
And as I sat, the sun's last beam faded,
The first star appeared,
And I wondered . . . . . .

How often, since the Beginning,
Have you washed upon some shore, little wave?
How many grains of sand have you
Swept away with you?
From what place do you come rushing
To my feet, and where do you go from them?

And Sun, what giant hand moves
You to sink from sight, and then
Appear once more to delight the eyes of men?
What have you seen from your high seat,
Since first He set you flaming in
The heavens?

Gentle breeze that breathes sweet coolness,
Whence did you come, and where is your home?
What angel breathed you out
Upon the earth?
What other face have you caressed
Before caressing mine?

And you, immeasurable Deep,
What secrets do you hide
From the eyes of all, save One?
Speak, Ocean, and tell me of the day
In which the Almighty put you here.

Star, you tiny diamond resting in
A deep blue velvet sky,
Tell me what the future holds
For this world of God's and mine.
Will Man fall even farther
Than he did from Paradise?

All the mysteries of earth and sky,
Of sea and sand, must remain
Veiled for yet a while.
For the hearts of men are but mortal,
And unable to grasp their meaning
Until a day in which all shall see
With clarity and shall know all things.

What is God? Where is Eternity? Who is Man?

I sat on the sand in the chill of the dawning,
And watched the waves rush toward my feet.
And as I sat, the last star faded,
The sun's first beam appeared,
And still I wondered.

—SANDRA HOWARD

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Statement by

ADLAI E. STEVENSON

During Stevenson's visit to Duke University during the 1960 election campaign the Editors approached Mr. Stevenson for a statement on the responsibilities of college students in American society. Several weeks later we received this statement:

We in our country have placed all our faith and hope upon the education, the intelligence and the understanding of our people. We have said that ours is a government conducted by its citizens, and from this it follows that the government will be better conducted if its citizens are educated.

I would remind you of an axiom of political science. People get the kind of government they deserve. Our public servants serve us right. Our American government may be defined as the government that really cares about people. Just so, our government demands the care and devotion of the people.

I would suggest to you, then, that it is the duty of an educated man in America today to work actively to put good men into public office. I would suggest that it is not enough merely to vote but that we, all of us, have the further obligation to think, and to maintain steadfastly the rights of all men to think freely. My admonition to the citizen—a paraphrase of Socrates' famous admonition—would be: "Inform thyself."

It is always true that when the citizens of a democracy become apathetic, a power vacuum is created, and corrupt men, or incompetents, or worse, rush in to fill it. In ordinary times the corrupt or the incompetent can be suffered for a while and then ejected. But these are no ordinary times. The world's fate now hangs upon how well or how ill we in America conduct our affairs. And if a bad man is elected trustee of a sanitary district, or if an able man in Washington is left to shift for himself in the face of unjustified attack, then our government is diminished by that much—and even more because others will lose heart from his example. So you, as educated, privileged people, have a broad responsibility to protect and improve what you have inherited and what you would die to preserve—the concept of government by consent of the governed as the only tolerable way of life.

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